THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1806. [No. 7.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE ROBBER.

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

" I thank you from the bottom of my soul, sir, for this open and public justification," cried Theodore: " now the expectations which led me to submit to the disgrace and anxiety of a public trial are fully answered, and I have nothing more to do but to free myself from the charge of murder; to do this I shall only call one witness.

As he said this his voice faltered, and the heart of every one throbbed with anxious expectation.

" Call one William Allen," cried Theodore.

He was called.

" Here!" answered the man, bursting through the crowd up to the witness bar, as if eager to show himself; while Mr. Sedley joyfully exclaimed, " Oh! God! it is he! it is Allen!" and Mrs. Morris, in her joy, threw her arms round Allen's neck, and was carried in a violent hysteric out of court.

" What is all this?" cried the judge; " Who is this man?—Who is Allen?"

" My lord," replied Theodore, bowing, " this is William Allen, the man for whose murder I stand arraigned."

A shout, an universal shout, was heard till the judge commanded silence.

" And why was he not produced before?—Why did you not come forward, sir, before? said the judge, addressing Allen.

" Because Mr. Theodore would not let me, my lord; and I am bound to oblige him, whatever he asks. But if it be not informal, I should wish to be allowed to tell my story."

" No—no," replied the judge, " this is a strange business, and I have had enough of it. Let the prisoner be discharged; and I shall adjourn the court till after dinner." Theodore was accordingly discharged, and the court adjourned. But though the judge was unwilling to listen to Allen's relation, every other person in court was eager to hear it; and Allen, while standing at the witness bar, with great satisfaction told the following story to the attentive and crowded audience.

" I must own I behaved very wrongly in taunting Mr. Theodore for the crime of the intended robbery to which I was privy; and I took an ungenerous advantage, as he was in my power, to let him know I suspected him of being capable of committing other crimes, as he had committed one. And one day I did provoke him so much, that, in Mr. Sedley's hearing, he vowed he would have his revenge of me; and sure enough he has had it. I shall never forgive myself, though he has forgiven me, for my ill conduct."

" Go on," cried Theodore gently.

" Well," continued Allen, " I received some news which afflicted me greatly, and made it necessary for me to quit my master, and take French leave of every one. But in the interim I was so wretched, that Mr. Theodore saw my uneasiness; and though I had always behaved so like a dog to him, he spoke to me in the kindest manner, lamented my evident distress, and earnestly begged to know whether it was in his power to alleviate it. I rudely repulsed him, and refused any assistance from him. Indeed, neither he nor any one could assist me, However, on the night of my disappearance, Mr. Theodore insisted on accompanying me to my room, for he thought I was likely to make away with myself; till at last, though I was too proud to confide the cause of my distress to him, I was so overcome by his kindness, that I cried like a child, and thought how little I had deserved it. He left me at three; and in an hour after, I had packed up my things and was off."

Here he paused.

" Well, sir;—go on," cried one of the counsel who remained to hear Allen's story, " and pray tell us whether you went. This has a very suspicious appearance, to go off without assigning any reason to any one, and suffer yourself to be supposed dead!"

" I had my reasons, sir."

" Name them."

" The truth was: A dear friend, a very dear friend of mine, was to be

transported for a felony, and being afraid he should die on the passage, as he was in bad health, he wished me to get leave to go with him: indeed it was my duty to go; for to speak the truth, this friend of mine was my own father. He is dead and gone now, poor soul! and from the bottom of my heart I believe he was entirely innocent of the charge for which he suffered, though the circumstantial evidence was strong against him. Well, I obtained leave, as the kind-hearted gentlemen in office approved my motives for asking it. Besides, my father was innocent, I am sure he was." Here he stopped, and wept bitterly, while his audience sympathized in the feelings of an affectionate child.

Allen soon recovered himself, and went on:—

"While we were stopping to take in water on the voyage, a swift-sailing vessel from England overtook us, and who should I see coming alongside of us in the boat but Mr. Theodore! Oh! how shocked and surprised was I to hear that Mr. Sedley suspected him of having murdered me, and that he was sure nothing but my actual appearance could clear his character! But that, for the present at least was impossible. He then proceeded to tell me how, by the most indefatigable inquiries he had traced me to Newgate and even to on board ship, though I had changed my name to that assumed by my father on his trial.—That finding it impossible for him to carry me back with him to Mr. Sedley's, as I could not, and ought not to leave my father, he had hurried back to London, and requested an audience of the great man who had been so kind to me; and having told his lordship how necessary to his peace and welfare it was, that he should be on the spot, in case of my father's death, in order to bring me back to England as soon as possible, he also obtained leave to go to Botany Bay, and he carried with him a letter of recommendation to the governor—so greatly, I fancy, had his way of talking, and his appearance, prejudiced his lordship in his favour.

"When we landed in New Holland, Mr. Theodore was soon usefully employed: for my part, I had enough to do to attend on my poor sick father, and many is the time that Mr. Theodore has come to assist me in my mournful task."

Here his voice faltered again, but he went on:—

"At length my poor father died; and, dear! how kindly did Mr. Theodore try to console me! Indeed he was so kind, that I was even more impatient than himself to return to England; and we anxiously waited for a vessel to carry us back, and enable me to clear up his character to Mr. Sedley; when one day as we were walking with some of the criminals, who were showing the governor's secretary grounds which they had been clearing, one of them, who was transported for a highway robbery, but who was also a very dexterous pickpocket, picked the secretary's pocket of his purse; but the gentleman having felt the hand in his fob immediately gave the alarm, and the skilful villian conveyed the purse into my pocket. The secretary an angry man, insisted that we should all be searched, and the purse was found on *me!* On which, while I was nearly dead with agony and shame, he ordered me into custody. But Mr. Theodore interfered; and assuring him that he knew me well, and that he was convinced I was incapable of the crime imputed to me, and came to Botanny Bay in consequence of my virtue as he was pleased to say, and not my vices, he more than half convinced him that the guilt was in reality that of some great proficient in the art of pocket-picking, who had dexterously transferred the appearance of criminality to me, and at his earnest entreaties I was immediately liberated.

"But in the mean while Mr. Theodore's quick eye discovered in the real culprit great signs of guilt; and in the fellow's hearing he bade the secretary take care that a strict watch was kept over that man, pointing to him.

"Still I was regarded with suspicion by the secretary and others, and Mr. Theodore was told he had better not be so much with me, as it injured him in the estimation of his employer. But he replied that he knew I was an injured man; and that if no one else countenanced me, he would, whatever might be the consequences to himself. But the real criminal never forgave either him or me from that moment; and meeting me one day alone, the thirst of revenge got the better of all other considerations—he fell upon me with a design, no doubt, to take my life; but just as I was quite faint with struggling, and gave myself up for lost, Mr. Theodore came in sight, and I am proud to say that I owe my life to him and his generous exertions.

"As I sobbed out my thanks to him, never, never, shall I forget the agony with which he wrung his hands, and said "Yes, Allen—I have now saved two lives, but still I feel that the satisfaction which this reflection imparts to me, cannot counterbalance the misery of knowing that I once was on the point of taking away the life of one fellow-creature. Oh! Allen,' added he, 'reflect on my sad fate, and think of its retributive justice. Behold me self-condemned, with my prospects blasted in the prime of youth, only because I was guilty of crimes in intention; and I, who was merely tempted to endeavour the crime of murder in *self-defence*, was exposed by that one uncommitted fault to be suspected of the dreadful wickedness of murder in cold-blood, and from the suggestions of malice and revenge.'

"At length, the villain who had injured my reputation and assailed my life was sentenced to die for a felony which he had committed; and at the gallows he completely cleared me from the guilt which he had caused to be imputed to me. The next week a vessel was about

to sail for England, and Mr. Theodore obtained leave for us to take our passage in it. We did so, and were landed safe at Portsmouth; whence we came to London by the coach.

"During the journey, to our great surprise and consternation, we heard from a native of this town, whom we took up on the road, the whole story of my disappearance, and of Mr. Sedley's suspicions in consequence of it. In short, we heard amply detailed every circumstance relative to this unhappy business. I was so exasperated, that I was about to discover myself; but Mr. Theodore, in a whisper conjured me to be silent: and as I said before, I could refuse him nothing: then in answer to some inquiries of his, we learnt that Mr. Sedley, a good-natured, kind-hearted man, as they called him, but not over wise, had been made a fool and dupe of by Mr. Theodore; but that on his marriage with Mrs. Sedley, a sharp, clever, managing woman, with all her wits about her, and one who would have her own way, she had got from him the whole secret concerning Mr. Theodore and me, which weighed on his mind, and ruined his health; and on the discovery of the body of a murdered person in the well, she had insisted that he should cause Mr. Theodore to be taken up if ever he was seen in England again.

"And sure enough he was known, and taken up soon after in London, while expecting me at an inn in Holborn. Instead of him, I found a letter from him, informing me of what had passed; and the misery and indignation I felt, were so great, that they completely made me insensible of the pleasure I should otherwise have experienced, at finding by the same letter, that he was, by the death of a relation, become possessed of a considerable fortune. But I should have set off directly for Mr. Sedley's house, had not Mr. Theodore positively forbidden my visits to him in prison, unless I would come so disguised, that no one could know me."

"But suppose, Sir," said the same gentleman who had spoken before, "you had died before Mr. Theodore's trial came on! I think your friend incurred a very foolish risk by his fine scheme of standing a trial to clear his reputation publicly, for he might have been hanged notwithstanding his innocence."

"No, sir," replied Allen, "not so—real gratitude does not do its work by halves; I took the precaution, knowing a little of the law, to go and discover myself to my sister and her son; and I put it in their power to prove beyond the possibility of doubt, on the day of trial, should any accident happen to me, that I was alive and well after Mr. Theodore was taken up for having murdered me.

"To conclude: I concealed myself as Mr. Theodore desired, till to-day; and here I am to prove Mr. Theodore's innocence of the crime of murder, and do justice to his many virtues."

This story impressed every auditor with the strongest feelings of pity and admiration for Theodore, while it also raised the relater in every one's esteem, and the late criminal at the bar was congratulated and complimented by some of the first characters in the county. Mrs. Sedley, meanwhile, had stolen unobserved out of court. She had prided herself on making her husband accuse Theodore, in order that she might prove her power over him; and believing implicitly on her own sagacity, she had persuaded herself that he was guilty, and that his conviction would tend to confirm more than ever the general opinion of her superior intelligence. Nor, to do her justice, was it possible for any one not to own, that after the discovery of the body, which so many circumstances seemed to prove to be the body of Allen, though it afterwards turned out to be that of one William Althorpe, it was an act of necessary justice in Mr. Sedley to take up Theodore on suspicion of having murdered him, and so far she was perfectly right in instigating her husband to take the steps which he did. But she was not right in detailing every where, with eager and indefatigable minuteness, all the circumstances which had attended Mr. Sedley's acquaintance with Theodore. She was not right in endeavouring to prejudice the minds even of his jurymen against the unhappy youth, and in causing paragraphs relating to the whole business, to appear in the provincial, and other papers; and her conscience now whispered her that she had done this, and in so doing, had acted the part of a malignant persecutor. And wherefore had she done it? Merely out of opposition to her husband, and because he persisted in believing that he had acted right in not giving up the youthful criminal to justice. Therefore, whenever she had told the story, it had been interlarded with "but had Mr. Sedley been so fortunate as to know *me* then, had he consulted *me*, and taken *my* advice, this childish wicked action of his, which he calls *generous*, would not have been performed, and then the poor unfortunate, good, honest creature Allen, would have been alive to this time! for this *wretch* Theodore, would have paid the forfeit of his crime on the gallows." It is to be supposed that Mrs. Sedley's auditors agreed with her implicitly in opinion, and complimented her on her sagacity: consequently Mrs. Sedley looked forward to the hour of Theodore's condemnation as a season of triumph for her. But Theodore was acquitted, and what she had expected would be his disgrace, turned out his glory; and Mrs. Sedley's shame and confusion were in proportion to what her hopes of exultation had been. Besides, what a triumph it was for Mr. Sedley! and how should she ever be able to rule him again!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The earth is in continual change. Its internal fires, the deviation of its rivers, and the falling of its mountains are daily altering its surface; and Geography can scarcely recollect the lakes and the valleys that history once described.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY A LADY.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible; and experience informs us that it ever was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sound, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession: and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side. Let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement in wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages, who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman; and, if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or that she never touches a card: cards and learning are good in their places, and may both be used with advantage.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding, much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends, by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay every other; and not shew his wife, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart, or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not, indeed, so expensive as is sometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure we can enjoy; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

A word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly; but never teaze her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain; nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed to the public at large.

All affectation, is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

From the Monthly Anthology.

A LADY'S FOOT.

What in nature is so beautiful, so lovely, so tender, as the little foot of a fair lady! Surely this sweet part of the form was made for execution yet unknown. The hand is exercised by orators to give force to utterance, and strength to expressions of the strongest passions. In grief the hand is irresistibly drawn to the bosom, and its pressure gives relief; the finger pointed in scorn is the plainest signal of contempt, and the hands clasped and uplifted to heaven is the most solemn of all expressions. I have seen a woman in grief, and there was more sorrow in the attitude of her hand, and more meekness and plaintiveness in a certain mournful position of her fingers, than in the holiness of her uplifted countenance, or in the tear-drops that hung on her eyelashes. If the hand is so powerful and efficient an engine of the soul, why should the *foot* be considered merely the pedestal of the human statue? What gives the march to the hero, the stride to the conqueror, fleetness to the lover, and the bewitching balance of attitude to women! Who knows

The love that slumbers in a lady's foot?

If the cavalier throws himself at the feet of his mistress, why should not his lips press and breathe on them the spirit of love? Why should not his hand impart to them the thrillings of its touches? Oh, how have I started, and longed for a *molliter manus imposuit*, when I have beheld Crispin with his measure at the foot of a lady! Oh, how have I shuddered, when I have seen Belinda's dear little foot sink forever out of sight in the pitchy abyss of his palm! Oh, how have I quaked, when I have seen the dear little thing swallowed up forever in the griping jaws of his fist! How too, has my fancy caught fire, when sitting at an awful distance from Dorinda, I have espied this sweet little integer nestling and cuddling on her cricket! How has my imagination transformed the vile four-legged stool into a little shrine and her foot into the offering of beauty to love!

BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

I know no lady in this town, and probably there is not one in the United States to be compared with Mrs. Montague, at whose house in Portman-Square, London, the Blue Stocking Club used to meet. Yet there are ladies here, who might institute and preserve a literary converzazione on agreeable terms.—All mere fashionable women should be excluded and let beauty and riches alone have no right of admission. Also let no fop saunter in the room, and bar the doors against insignificant animals, called puppies, and those brutes which resemble Yahoos. Thus some approaches might be made to refined conversation, and a pleasantness of intercourse be introduced, far beyond the present system of false courtesy, shameful anecdote, licentious inuendo, poisoned hints, and stabbing whispers, which now riot and rule at many of the vulgar and fashionable parties, which now dignify or disgrace this metropolis.

Women are beings of the highest consequence, and on them depends the healthiness or the contagion of social intercourse, they may be like angels of light, diffusing the influence of purity and goodness, or the active agents of misery and ruin. By a refined socialness, between gentlemen and ladies of cultivated minds, the power of all would be communicated to each; manners would be improved; erroneous opinions would be corrected; morals might receive additional strength, and literature might be adorned with new facinations.

To all ladies whom it may concern

A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should *not* be like.

First. She should be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she should *not* be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back.

Secondly. She should be like an echo—to speak when spoken to; but she should *not* be like an echo, always to have the last word.

Thirdly. She should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should *not* be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

The most eccentric conundrum that I ever remember to have heard, was the following:

Q. Why is a man fond of bathing in a tye-wig, like a clergyman going to be admitted into priest's orders?

A. Because he is attached to dive-in-a-tye, alais divinity!!!

A whimsical misapprehension took place at a whist-table, when or where, matters not. Three ladies had sat with great impatience, anxiously awaiting the arrival of a captain of sharpshooters, to make a fourth at their favourite afternoon's amusement, namely, a rubber at whist. It grieves me to think it is possible that the mixing, taking up, and laying down fifty-two pieces of pasteboard, can occasion the smallest alteration in the temper of any human creature; but, alas! so it has been proved, and, at this meeting, was again illustrated. The captain played delightfully well in the eyes of his partner, while his cards were good, and he followed suit; but an unlucky mistake caused her, in the plenitude of her anxiety, to exclaim, "Bless me, Sir, why don't you trump it." The captain stared, not understanding her, his head being filled with the recollection of recent military manœvres, till, roused with a repetition—"I say, Sir, why do you not trump it?" he calmly replied—"Why, madam, if you insist on it, I will do my best," and taking out his bugle-

horn, he blew with his full force for near five minutes, to the great discomposure of the nerves of the fair trio.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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Translations.

Epitaph upon a Miser.

From the Italian of Roncalli.

Here *Taquin's* loathed relics rest,
Whom deeply death's approach distrest;
Who fear'd——to die? no such pretences;
He fear'd his funeral expences!

.....

Epitaph upon a Poet.—*From the same.*

Snug under this hillock entomb'd, would you know it,
Rest in repose, the remains of a Poet—
A rhyme-wright by trade, his employment was rhyme:
What *fibs*, reader, must he have told in his time!

.....

Epitaph upon NEWTON, by Colpani.

Enterred beneath this marble Newton lies—
Wouldst thou know more? question the *earth* and *skies*.

.....

The Good Choice.—Epigram by Pananti.

'You must chuse,' says papa, a man learn'd and well read,'
While mama with her rich dashing fortune still teazes me—
'Tis a nobleman titled aunt vows I must wed:
But for me—I shall have the sweet fellow that pleases me!

....

To Julia,—verbatim.

Julia, the vapour
That issues from my heart
When I sigh
Knowest thou what 'tis?
It is the betier part of me
That flies to live
And dwell with thee.

DELTA.

ANECDOTE.

A miser was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said, "that the union was attended with a double advantage, it saved him not only the expence of a wife, but the tax on a servant.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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Questions to those who can answer them.

I.

Say, as we breathe the ardent sigh of love
Is't pain, or pleasure most, while both we're feeling
What can the fond, the tortur'd bosom prove
When anxious doubt forever waits on love
And every bliss of hope relentless stealing?

II.

Say, when harsh prejudice shall warp the mind
That once with friendships purest fires was glowing
Now chang'd to chilling looks, to taunts unkind
Is it not keener than the rude north wind
That bleakly round the unsheker'd wretch is blowing?

III.

Then say, when apathy benumbs the soul
And the chill'd breast no more with love is beating,
When on the once lov'd form, the vacant [illegible] shall roll
Nor touch the heart, then is't not time the frigid soul
Should from its * "clay built nest" be fast retreating?

* MOZART. *Julia Francesca,*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

EXTRACTS FROM A FRENCH AUTHOR.

We cannot always live in the sight of those we love, we are thrown into various companies, and are drawn into various schemes; absence too often favors the malice of envious rumour, and even polite attentions are sometimes made to bear an evil task as their companion. Vain world! how we strive to create objects of distress, covet dissatisfactions, and look for spleen; we invite the corroding sting of envy, and instead of putting on the armour of light, we bare our bosoms to the stroke of malice and contempt.

When a woman by taciturnity, by prudery, or by an unfeeling coldness, shuts out that pleasing communication of manners for which we are so much indebted to every circle we frequent, unless we see the beam of good-nature on the countenance of a pensive beauty, we do not attempt to break through her silence or reserve—cheerfulness will always guide an amiable disposition into a certainty of commanding our attention, and if the most sensible and best educated women do not put on this pleasing dress, their greatest qualifications are lost.

Julia Francesca.

Boileau one day met the servant of his friend, who had been long and frequently afflicted with the gout. On enquiring how his master was, whom he knew to be of an irritable temper, the valet replied that his master was then under a fit of his old complaint. He swears a good deal, then, observed the poet. O yes, Sir, said the servant, with simplicity, it is the only comfort poor master has in his illness.

The man of great genius is the first person to discover his own faults, and the last to pardon them. Of all the criticisms, observed Boileau one day, which hurt me the most, are those which my own judgment makes on my own works.

The transmigration of souls, says the sprightly Goldsmith, is no doubt false and whimsical; but nothing can be more certain than the transmigration of bodies: the spoils of the meanest reptile may go to the formation of a prince, and, on the contrary, as the poet has it, the body of Caesar may be employed in stopping a beer barrel.

Our progress in the knowledge of nature is slow, and it is a mortifying consideration that we are hitherto more indebted for success to chance than to industry.

Copied from a provincial print—Married a few days ago, Mr. Simmons, to a lady whose name has been *mislaid*

Ridicule at a distance appears a monster: it terrifies: but when viewed more closely, it is found to be only a shadow.

SATURDAY, Dec. 13.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

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From Dutch Papers.

Battle of Jena Oct 15.

The battle of Jena fought yesterday, is one of the most remarkable in history.

The Prussians amounted to the number of 150,000 : they lost 200 pieces of cannon, and 30 stand of colors, beside 28,000 prisoners of war. The duke of Brunswick, and general Ruchel, are killed. Prince Henry of Prusia is badly wounded. The loss of the French army is comparitively, infinitely less ; yet we have in the hospitals of Jena, 1200 wounded, and to those of Naumburgh 1500. There is no other general killed on our part, but general of brigade Billy, a brave man. The French army has acquired great glory.

(Of the above mentioned important event, the daily prints have afforded ample details ; and most of our readers, we doubt not, are already acquainted with them. The following from Friday's papers, it may not be improper for us to subjoin.)

Magdeburg, Oct. 18. (6 o'clock, P. M.)

"The battles which our King lost on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, near Weimar, Kosin, and Naumburg, against Marshal Lannes, have been very decisive.

"The reserve, under the Duke Eugene of Wirtemberg, was yesterday defeated by Marshal Davous, and has been obliged to retreat with considerable loss.

"Halle has been taken by the enemy ; and probably he will be before our gates to-morrow. Prince Lewis is killed ; *and the Duke of Brunswick lays in Blandenburg, badly wounded.* Our first generals are killed, and with them upwards of 30,000 of our bravest soldiers."

[Had Bonaparte gained any victories on the dates mentioned in the letter, it is exceedingly improbable that he would omit communicating the same officially to the Secretary of State, who was in possession of dispatches from him as early as the 17th, relating his successive engagements.

The above letter leaves us great hopes that we shall find the Duke of Brunswick to be alive and recovering ; and that the latest alarming accounts from Europe are of a fabric well known to the world. [*Translator.*

From the Hamburgh Correspondent of Oct. 17th.

Twer, in Russia.

The whole Russian army excepting one regiment, is in motion. It marches partly towards the southward to the Driester and partly to the westward to Prussia. They say also that the imperial guards are soon to march from St Petersburgh.

London, Oct. 14.

The Clyde frigate arrived yesterday at Deal, with Lord Lauderdale and suite from France. His Lordship is expected in town this day. [The Times of the 14th announces his Lordship's arrival on the 13th, in bad health, amidst the huzzas of the populace, after a rupture of the negociations.

On Saturday the 6th inst. the house of Representatives passed the bill suspending the law to prohibit the importation of certain goods, wares, and merchandize from Great Britain, until the first of July next—ayes 101, noes 5.

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The city inspector reports the death of 25 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

At Lyme, Conn. on the 8th inst. Wm. Hall, of the house of Hall & Hull, of this city, to Miss Sally Sill, of the former place.

On Sunday last, at Providence, R. I. Mr. Chs. W. Greene, of this city, to Miss Esther Bowen.

Died, on Thursday morning, the 4th inst. after a painful illness, Miss Juliana Vansteenbergh youngest daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Vansteenbergh, in her 15th year.

Sweet girl, we will not wrong thy worth to speak thy praise.

To-morrow afternoon, if fair weather, a a charity Sermon will be preached in the Methodist Church in Barley street when an appropriate hymn will be sung and a collection made for the benefit of the charity children of the Methodist churches it this city.

By this Institution, numbers of children who otherwise might have remained in poverty, and ignorance, are decently clothed, and educated, and taught the principles of the Christian religion, and are thereby fitted for useful members of society. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the LORD."

That man may last but never lives
Who all receives but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God

ORATORIO.

ON the 18th instant, will be performed in Zion Church, Mott street, a SELECTION OF MUSIC, chiefly from the works of Mr. Leach, and other European Masters—conducted by a Professor.

First part.

Introduction—Overture to Handel's occasional Oratorio. Handel

1 *Anthem—composed by* Leach
Chorus—Shout to the great Jehovah's praise
Trio—Ye sons of glory and of grace
Chorus—Shout to the great Jehovahs praise
2 *Duetto—He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord*
Anthem for Christmas
Chorus—Shepherds rejoice
Duetto—Jesus the God comes down to dwell with you
Trio—Thus Gabriel sung
Chorus—Glory to God who reigns enthroned above
4 *Anthem—Happy beyond description* Leach
Trio—Happy &c
Duetto—If this felicity were mine
Chorus—Cheerful and blithe
5 *Anthem—Burst ye emerald gates* Leach
Duetto—Burst ye everlastihg gates
Ditto 2nd—Floods of everlasting light
Solo—Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
Duetto—Sweetest notes in seraphs song
6 *Chorus—Sing to the Lord a new made song*

Part second.

Overture to Sampson
1 *Ode to harmony—composed by a member of the society*
Recitative—Dark discord hence, retire this sacred place
Solo—Let sweetest passion fill each heart, let pity, &c
Chorus—And all rejoice with cheerful voice
Immortal power extend thy reign
Semi Chorus—Ye hills and floods assisting the song
Full Chorus—Then spread with harp and trumpets sound
2 *Anthem—from the forty-first psalm* Leach
Chorus—Blessed is he that considereth the poor and need
Trio—The Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble
Duetto—The Lord preserve him and keep him alive
Chorus—and deliver him not unto the will of his enemies
Solo—but comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed
Trio—Make thee all his bed in sickness
Chorus—Blessed be the Lord God of Israel

Finale,

Anthem for Christmas day
Recitative—When first this destined orb began
Solo—Angels astonished, &c
Chorus—Joy brightened every face
Trio—Arise ye nations, hail!
Chorus—Rejoice with loud acclaim, rejoice
Air—Immortal bliss
Trio—Exalted son of God look down
End with the Chorus—Rejoice with loud, &c.

☞ *Doors open at Six o'clock, P. M.—Performance begins precisely at seven.*

Tickets, price fifty cents, to be had at A. Ming's book store, Messrs. Hewitt and Gilfert's music stores, Lewis Hartman's, pearl street, and of J. Shonnard, Bowery. Dec. 13

TIME'S DEFEAT.

Tune—'Cupid sent on an Errand.'

One evening *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his guest,
By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude*'s feast,
Their liquor was Claret, and *Love* was their host
Laugh, song, and droll Sentiment, garnish'd, each toast.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine*,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock
A watchman hoarse bawling, '*Twas past Twelve o'clock.*

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found
And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the Grey-glutton *Time*, they had seiz'd.

His Glass as his lanthorn, his Scythe as his pole
And his single Lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis past *Twelve o'clock*

Says the *Venom'd-Tooth'd-Savage*, on this advice fix,
Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* still points to six;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a Hogshead of Claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,
There's nothing like *Claret* for killing of Time;
Love, laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,
He can't come and put us in mind we must part.

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long known,
By *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine* can only be o'erthrown;
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
He'll always be found in a hogshead of Wine.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our Wine, let us drink,
By this rule we are sure of our *Time* when we drink;
Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking must now be *well-tim'd.*

WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

WET with the tears which evening weeps
The closing flower conceals her breast,
Secure the vernal warbler sleeps,
The voice of love and joy suppress.

Ere long shall night assume her sway,
Reposing nature on her arm,
Blot the last purple flush of day,
Dissolve the twilight's lingering charm.

And thus the transient joys of life
Fade on ATTENTION's sober eye,
'Till next no more with various strife,
* Man learns to slumber or to die.

* *And learn with equal ease to* sleep *or* die.
MASON.

Communicated.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing called *light*,
Which I can ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight
O tell your *poor blind boy.*

You talk of wond'rous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright—
I feel him warm; but how can he
Ere make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe:
But sure with patience I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My chear of mind destroy
While thus I sing I am a king,
Although a *poor blind boy.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

WERE the sexes to appear always *in their own faces*, one might guess at the movements *within*, by the motions *without*. But as the majority put on *faces*, as well as *cloaths*, for public view; it is therefore, with the majority, a difficult matter to be well acquainted.

Marriage the End of Life.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state
For binding fast himself and KATE,
In union so divine.
Wedlock's the end of life, he cry'd,
Too true, alas! said JACK, and sigh'd,
'Twill be the end of mine.

A girl said to her young lover I shall grant you what you ask after you have given me what you have not, what you cannot have, and yet may give it me, *a husband.*

Some ladies walking in the fields, met a labourer with a little kid, which he was carrying to market. 'See, see,' said one of them, 'what a pretty little goat tho' it has no horns.' The rustic replied, '*Ladies, he is not married.*'

A link boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. 'No child,' said the doctor, 'I am one of the lights of the world.' '*I wish then*, replied the boy, '*you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a devilish dark one.*'

A certain Bishop had a Biscayan man servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher who was called David for a piece of meat; and then to come to church where he was to preach. The preacher in his sermon, bringing authorities from Scripture in this manner:—'Isaiah says thus, Jeremiah says thus,' at last, happening to turn toward the door as his servant came in, went on—'and what says David?' Upon which the Biscayan roared out, '*He swears by all his ancestors, that if you do not pay your bill you need never send to his shop again.*'

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